Roy L. McCardell's &2 &2 The Evening World's Popular Humorists &2 &2 Invin S. Cobb's The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

But for Interference They Might Have Quarrelled.



"I.I. be glad when the holidays are over," declared Mrs. Jarr, peevishly,
"Why, I think you had a pretty good time, didn't you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "You got a lot of presents,

"Well, the whole lot of them are not worth half what I spent on presents for other people. I did expect some-thing nice from Mrs. Sope. They have a lot of money,

"Ah, what do you care?" said Mr. Jarr, "The less you get the less you have to raturn." Suddenly Mrs. Jarr's face lightened up, "Wouldn't it be nice if people wouldn't buy their holiday goods until af-ter Christmas?" she asked.

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Jarr; "wher

would be the advantage of that?" "Why, just look how the stores cut the prices on all trinkets and holiday gift articles the day after Christmas," said Mrs. Jarr. They don't want to carry them over till next year, and it would make you cry to see what they are selling such stuff for now, when you think of what you had to pay for it before Christmas. So if everybody put off buying till after Christ-

"But what?" raked his wife.
"But for the fast that the storekeepers wouldn't care when you bought. They'd get their prices for things whether you bought after Christmas or before,

"Ch, I'm a stupid, am 12" raid Mrs. Jarr. with asperity, "Well, some letters fell out of your pocket and I picket them up, and one came open in my hand and I couldn't help seeing it, and it was from a broker, and it was asking you for more money! At least, when I buy I pay for things and that ends it. I don't have to pay and to keep on paying like you do.

Now, look here! I am sick and tired of this!" shouted Mr. Jarr. "You downsything but read my private letters, pick my pockets, take my money then you make my home such a horror to me by your endless faw that if it saft for the children and the scandel of it I'd get a separation. I could get it,

"Oh, don't worry about the children at this late day!" screamed Mrs Jarr. "Much you care for them except to neglect them when you are in gold humor,



the Garden Theatre last night and cast a critical eye over the prettiest light opera production of years. If George Marion saw any opportunity for improvement in the stage pictures his eyesight was better than ours. In costumes, tageoiors, in groupings, in all the hundred and one things that make a stage manager grow old before his time, he has dope all that Manager Savage, Reginald The Koven or the head usher could ask. If nobody takes him across the street to wish him a flaply New Year before he is a night older, we would cordially re mand him that our telephone number is 4000-John, and that the supply o Christmas cheer on the ground floor is by no means calmusted.

Now, then, as for the music, it's De Koven at his second best. He can't weits another "Robin Hood"-he has proved that several times-but he can d very much better than most of the tunesmiths, and he at least has an ambition above the level of Broadway. Therefore the music of "The Student King" is westle hearing, even though you may have heard it before. Its one great fault is that it contains nothing distinctive. But it is all pleasing, and now and then swering, particularly that ringing chorus at the end of the second act. You may glways trust Mr. De Koven to give you at least one chorus that swells and

merked "I wonder how I will feet inside when I get outside of this," and then awaiiewed about four quarts of air, you felt like telling her that she would feel disappointed. But she tossed it off like the little man she pretended to be without bring obliged to delay the action of the play for fifteen or twenty minutes. She furnished other proof of being a capital little actress, with a delightful accent, She more than atoned for certain vocal shortcomings by the charming manner in which she neted lisa, I tincees of Tyrol, who masqueraded as a boy and cap turned the student king just in time to escape matrimony at the hands of Ruddy

Randolph, the comedy King of Hohemia. win When Miss Abarbanell came up from the Irving Place Theatre last winter t capper about the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-House as Haensel, she hurt the simultive ears of the music critics with a voice that is still sharp and shrill at times. But that's all "Nudel, Nudel, Nupp, Nupp" (whatever that may be), as she put it in one of her best songs tast night. Fritzi Scheff's voice isn't velvet. with delightful spirit, and when she was "Off to Paris," driving eight pretty who turned their parasols into cartwheels, the audience compelled her to

familie, fauched at them. Mr. Clark had little to eat in the way of humor, fo the reason that the libretto of Frederic Ranken and Stanislaus Stange was poorly stocked. The worst wheeze of all came from the tenor, Henry Coote, who was the student king through his nose. When Miss Abarbanell came in with a basket of eggs and the remark upon mankend in general and the tenor in particular that the exterior you cannot tell what the interior contains," the jolly student glanced at the eggs and rejoined, "No, they may have been mislaid."

Don't tell Deckstader! CHARLES DARNTON. Don't tell Dockstader!

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thanselves as quickly as they could.

The caller was Mr. Rangle. "I hate to bother you folks with my troubles," he said, "but Mrs. Rangle and I had a little fuss about nothing, and now she's in hysterics and I feel like murderer, but she won't forgive me. Can't you go over and square it for me,

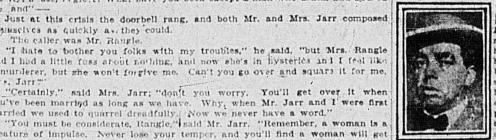
which isn't once a year, and beat them like a demon for the slightent thing, at

other times! And what has my life been with you? What have I known except crupity, abuse, reglect? What have you been except a man who drank and abused

"Certainly," said Mrs. Jarr; "don't you worry. You'll get over it when you've been married as long as we have. Why, when Mr. Jarr and I were first married we used to quarrel dreadfully. Now we never have a word."

"You must be considerate, Rangle," said Mr. Jarr, "Remember, a woman is a creature of impulse. Never lose your temper, and you'll find a woman will get back in good humor in a minute. That's the way I do, or, rather, that's the way we do, isn't it, dear?"

On Entering a Learned Profession.



or mar a career at the start. A gasfitter's helper discovers that his intelligence is largely located in his fists. He invades the squared circle, from which have sprung so nany of our leading actors and public conversationalists. If e gets a narcotic poke upon the left jaw he returns whence ie came with his features betraying a slight slant to lar-

Domestic Haps and Mishaps.













THE EVENING WORLD is giving TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES each week for the best suggestions, which need not be accompanied by drawings, for the "Domestics Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "THE COMICS EDITOR," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354 New York, City

the put it in one of her best songs last right. Fritzi scheft's voice isn't valve in the best songs last right. Fritzi scheft's voice isn't valve in the best songs last right. Fritzi scheft's voice isn't valve isn't valve

methics the first ing Georgian has all called light to the missing woman declares her suicidal linent and conflides Anitra to Roger's care. Various happenings lead Roger and Harper to doubt that Georgian has killed herse? They form a theory that it is Anitra who has disappeared and that Georgian is mesquerading has her twin. They intorview a farmer who, on the morning offer the supersed drowning, saw a girl hurrying in the direction of New York. They ask hem to describe her.

CHAPTER XV.

AAL, I'm not much at talk, was the embarrassed, almost words to save my soul. She was went as she saw my face, and she asked pretty and chipper and walked along as if she was part of the mornin'; but that don't tell you much, does it? Yet don't know what else to say. P'raps you could help me by asking ques-

"We'll see. Was she light-complexioned? Yellow hair, you know, and blue eyes?"/
"No; I don't think she was. Not what

I call light. My Sal's light; this gal wasn't like my Sal."

"Dark, then, very dark, with a gypsy olor and snapping black eyes?" "No, not that either. What I should call betweens. But more dark than

Harper flashed a glance at Ransom before putting his next question. What did she have on her head?" "Bless me if I can tell! It wasn't a sunbonnet, nor was it slapped all over with ribbons and Rowers like my dar-

"Sartain. Did you think she was just unning to the neighbors?" "But she wore no coat?"

"I don't remember any coat." 'De you remember her frock?" 'No, not exactly."

'Don't you remember its color?" "Was it black-the skirt of it, at

least?" "Black? Waal, I guess not. A gal of her age in black! No, she was as bright at the flowers in my wife's garden. Not a black thing on her. I should sooner think her clothes were red than black."

Harper showed his surprise. Not a black skirt?" he persisted. "No. sirbe. I haven't much are for

we cannot quite account for.

"If the face is one we know (and I speak.

And not even then without an embarrassed pause. Both the lawyer and his unhappy client had a deep and, in his unhappy client had a deep and. In his peak, affect his judgment to the extent it reasonably called for.

"If the face is one we know (and I speak, and the speak."

And not even then without an embarrassed pause, Both the lawyer and his unhappy client had a deep and, in his peak.

His first the room itself was dark he forbore to draw the attention of the lawyer to it, or even to allow it to disappointment to overcome, and the clock on the stairs ticked out several clock out several clock on the stairs ticked out several clock out several clock on the stairs ticked out several clock on the stairs ticked out several clock on the stairs ticked out several cloc really believe it was) we can leave the other discrepancies to future explanalon." And turning back to the patient of the young lady's features? You would have no difficulty in recognizing

er if you saw her again?" "Not a bit. Once I get a ploter in my mind of a man or a woman I see it was the embarrassed, almost always. And I can see her as plain as halting reply. "I saw the plain the groment I stop to think. She and I remember just how she was pretty, you see, and just a little looked, but I couldn't put it into scared to speak to a stranger. But that

me very perlite if she was on the right road to the ferry." "And you told her she was?" "Sartain; and how much time she had

o get there to catch the boat." "I see. So you would know her again if you saw her." "I jest would."

The lawyer made a move toward the loor which Mr. Ransom hastened to pen. As the long vista of the hall dislosed itself Mr. Harper turned upon the countryman with the quiet remark: "There were two ladies here, you know. Twins. Their likeness was remarkable. If we show you the remaining one who now lies askep you surely will be able to tell if she is like the lady

will be able to tell if she is like the laddy you saw.

"If she looks just like her you can be been search to the she will be able to tell if she is like the laddy of the beans against potatoes on that."

"Come, then. You need to feel any sound asseep but so deaf she touldn't hear you if she were awake. You need only if she were awake. You will she speak. The case is a myster it in very desirable that none of us say that the word in the word she whispered was 'Love!' Their trayerson will tell may be affected by pestide. You will have the word in the word them down the hall, past one or two of the doors alluded to, till they reached the one-wagniah, past one or two of the doors alluded to, till they reached the one-wagniah, past one or two of the doors alluded to, till they reached the one-wagniah the panel of which Mr. Ransom had already laid his ear.

"Will askeep," his gesture seemed to signify; and with a word of caution as he led to word the shade when she put her strang charge to bed, and at this first moment of entrance it was impossible for them to see more than the outline of a dark head upon a snowy pillow. But graded to the word of the doors alluded to entry the panel of which Mr. Barper and Mr. Ransom regretted the present the commands of the correct seeing of one pair of eyes. The cred is not the word and the man followed them down the hall, past one or two of the doors alluded to the past of the word and the man followed them down the hall, past one or two of the doors alluded to the past of the panel of the word of th will be able to tell if she is like the lady you saw."

"If she looks just like her you can bet beans against potatoes on that."

"Come, then. You needn't feel any embarrassment, for she's not ealy sound asleep but so deaf she youldn't bear you if she were awake. You need only take one giance and nod your head if she looks like the other. It is very desirable that none of us should speak. The case is a mysterious one and there's enough talk about it already without the women hiding and listeping behind every shut door you see, adding their gossip to the rest."

remark:

"Mire Hazen's face is quite new to you. I perceive. Evidently it was not her twin sister you met on the high-road this morhing."

"Nor anything like Cher." protestel the man. "A different face entirely prettier and more saucy. Such a gain as a man like me would be glad to call darter."

as a man like me would be glad to call darter."

Oh. I see!" assented the lawyer. Then, with the instinctive caution of his class, "You have made no mistake?"

"Not a bit of a one," emphasized the other. "Sorry I can't give the gentleman any hope, but if the sisters look alike it was not this woman's twin I alike it was not this woman's twin I at the outline of each other's countral that."

"Very well. One catches at straws in a stress like this. Here's a fiver to pay for your trouble, and another for the lad who brought you here. Good day. We had no sound reason for expecting any different result from our experiment."

The man bowed awkwardly and went pecting any different result. The man bowed awkwardly and went out. There was one break. The lips which had hitherto remained mute opened in a dulet murmur, and Mr. Harper, watching it is client, saw him clutch the headboard in sudden emotion before he findly rose and, with looks still fixed on the bed, approached him with the startling announcement: pectation that time seemed to have

ntering a Learned Profession. No the learned professions it is a little things that make New York Thro Funny Glasses

correptee lady who casually shoots up a gentleman friend in an al fresco manner can bank on going straight from the courtroom to the footlights and finding a majority of her late jurors in the front row. Recent events have proven that any-body forethoughted enough to have himself buried in a landslide just before the board, and he spends the rest of his days fitting gas in obboard, and he spends the rest of his days fitting gas in obboard, and he spends the rest of his days fitting gas in obboard, and he spends the rest of his days fitting gas in obholidays, and rescued alive with the aid of his comrades and the front page headhis union and have his portrait printed in the Labor Day
holidays, and rescued alive with the aid of his comrades and the front page headhis union and have his portrait printed in the Labor Day
plan is to begin by winning the diamond belt and a few warm encomiums from
Richard K. Fox. After that all will assuredly be well.

potion to his antagonist, he may be said to be fairly em-barked upon the broad and shining highway which leads to favorite builded at his side, at is comparatively easy for a stranger gazing upon championships and prominence in the theatrical profession. this family group for the first time to tell which of the two is the dog, because This alone should teach us that it is better to give than to the owner has on more clothes and holds a cigar. He wears a jewelled pin which reflects the best handiwork of the glazier and a marquise ring that can-There are other ways of becoming a leading thesplan; but none so sure. A not be equalled outside of an art glass window. His ligarest word, spoken in jest, is good for a four-column head in a sporting extra, and every time ho changes wives there's a full-page story giving a complete account of the life of the present incumbent, her immediate predecessor and all the other attractive By Quincy Scott. of the present incumbent, her immediate predecessor and all the other attractive ladies of the stage whose happy lot it has been from time to time to share the domestic joys of one whose gifted left hook, while somewhat painful when used n the course of a casual home disagreement, is the pride and admiration of pa-

triotic citizens in every walk of life.

After a President of the United States retires from official life his name is arely seen in type except when the policy-holders receive printed circulars or a Fat Man's Congress honors him with election as honorary chairman. How different in the case of a champion of the manly art! Even though the tineel glories of the drama pall upon him because there is so much time wasted when he has to be speaking lines that are not about himself, he still looms large in the admiring public eye. He is often seen seated in a large hotel with the waiters falling over themselves to bring him slender ice-chilled bottles in silver coalscuttles while ordinary millionaires writhe impotently in their seat), hungry and unnoticed. Rumors that he will return to the ring are always good for a dense flock of hurry editions. Special commissioners visit him and on finding him weighing in excess of three hundred pounds and with so many double chins that he has the appearance of having been terraced, they report back to a waiting public that the idol of the masses will be in the pink of condition as soon as he has taken off a few ounces by light training.

THE FUNNY PART: There is still a belief in some quarters that mere intellect has a chance for

BETTY VINCENT'S O ADVICE LOVERS

HE New Year fan't here, but perhaps you are getting your New Year's resolutions ready. If you are a girl or a young man cut out about half a dozen-you will break them in a day or so anyhow-and make just one to tell the truth, whatever it may cost, to the man or woman

A serent many jokes are made about the lies men and women-particularly husbands and wives-tell each other. But love and lies cannot exist together, and if you want to preserve your love you will warm it before the pure white flames of truth.

Lies very often avert trouble temporarily, but they mean disaster in the long run. If you have done the least wrong to the person who loves you, you had better own up and take your medicine. It will be sweetened by the consciousness that you have not added to the first injury by lying about it.

Teiling the truth, besides being right, has this advantage: So few people do it that if you don't want to be believed the best thing to do is to state the absolute facts.

She Seeks Her Fate,

AM a young lady of mineteen years, really pretty and talented in many things. Now, tell me, with those reulrements, why can I not find the man of my choice? I have a number of gentlemen friends, and I care for none of them, nor do I give them the slightest gleam of hope, yet most all of them have proposed to me in the very short space of time that I have known them ... I am kind and affectionate, and would like to settle down before I get much older. I am rather unhappy over this



for it. It may be ten years before you find him or he finds you. To Win Her Mother.

AM a young man of eighteen and am in love with a young lady of the same age, whom I have known for seven years. She reciprocates my love. But her mother disaproves of me for



DISCONSOLATE.



fellows of rather disreputable character

who she thought were my steady associates, and has never forgotten it. Of course it looked bad and made her judge me wrongly. opinion of me, for I cannot call up n

C. H. F.



ly desirable for the reason that there is such a long list of exceedingly thin, fashionable materials. The one fllu -trated is susceptible. of treatment of several sorts and can be utilized for the theatre waist, for the evening waist or for the simple afternoon gown, inasmuch as the neck can be out high or low, and the sleeves allow three different lengths. In the tilustration chiffon (s) combined with yoka and cuffs of lace and is trimmed with bands of taffets that embroidered with French knots and piped with velvet, but there are bo a many trimining nonterials that might be suggested that the list is so long as almost to be prohibitive. For waist liself all the soft materials that

Accordion Plaited Waist-Pattern No. 5543.

priate, net, both black and white, plain and figured, being much seen, while for the yoke there are a variety of all-over materials. Lace uself shows a generous mber of sorts, while there are many embroidered nets and inserted tunkings and the like, all of which are appropriate, and the trimming can be out from any pretty contrasting material. When low neck is used the straight band of embroklery or applique makes the preferred finish, while the short sleeves are

exceedingly pretty edged with narrow frills or lace.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6 3-4 yacus #1, 4 5-4 yards 27, 4 yards 36 or 3 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1-2 rand of all-over lace, three-quarter sleeves are used, I yard for take and been cuffs when long eves nie used, I-2 yard of slik for the trimming bands.

Pattern No. 55-48 is cut in sizes for a 33, 34, 35, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

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